

*The Historie of*

Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,  
And shewd thou makest some tender of my life  
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

*Prince.* O God, they did me too much iniurie,  
That euer said, I hearkned to your death:  
If it were so, I might haue let alone  
The insulting hand of *Douglas* ouer you,  
Which would haue bene as speedy in your end,  
As all the poysonous potions in the world,  
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.

*Kin.* Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to *S. Nicholas Gawsey*.

*Enter Hotspur.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*?

*Prince.* Thou speakest, as if I would deny my name.

*Hot.* My name is *Harry Percy*.

*Prince.* Why then I see a very valiant Rebelle of that name.  
I am the *Prince of Wales*; and thinke not *Percy*,  
To share with me in glory any more:  
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,  
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,  
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince of Wales*.

*Hot.* Now shall it *Harry*? for the houre is come,  
To end the one of vs; and would to God,  
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

*Prince.* Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,  
And all thy budding Honours on thy Crest  
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

*They fight. Enter Falstaffe.*

*Fals.* Well said *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay, you shall finde no Boyes  
play heere, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas, he fights with Falstaffe, he falls downe as  
if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.*

*Hot.* Oh *Harry*, thou hast robd me of my youth,  
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,  
Then those proud Titles thou hast won of me,  
They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh:

*But*

*Henry the Fourth.*

But thought's the slave of life, and life times foole,  
And Time that takes suruey of all the world,  
Must haue a stop. O, I could prophesie,  
But that the Earth, and cold hand of Death  
Lies on my tonge: no *Percy*, thou art dust,  
And food for

*Prince.* For Worms, braue *Percy*. Fare thee well, great heart,  
Ill weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?  
When that this body did containe a spirit,  
A Kingdome for it, was too small a bound,  
But now two paces of the vilest earth,  
Is roome enough: this earth that beares the dead,  
Beares not alie so stout a Gentleman.  
If thou wert sensible of curtesie,  
I should not make so great a shew of zeale:  
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,  
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe  
For doing these faire rites of tenderneesse,  
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,  
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,  
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

*He spieth Falstaffe on the ground.*

What, old acquaintance, could not all this flesh  
Keepe in a little life? poore *Iacke* farewell:  
I could haue better spar'd a better man:  
O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee,  
If I were much in loue with vanitie;  
Death hath not strooke so faire a Deere to day,  
Though many dearer in this bloody fray,  
Imboweld will I see thee by and by,  
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lie.

*Falstaffe riseth up.*

*Fals.* Imboweld? if thou imbowell me to day, Ile giue you  
leau to powder me, and eat mee too to morrow. Zloud, t'was  
time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had payd mee  
scot and let too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit: to die is to  
be a counterfeit, for hee is but the counterfeit of a man, who  
hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man  
thereby

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*thereby*